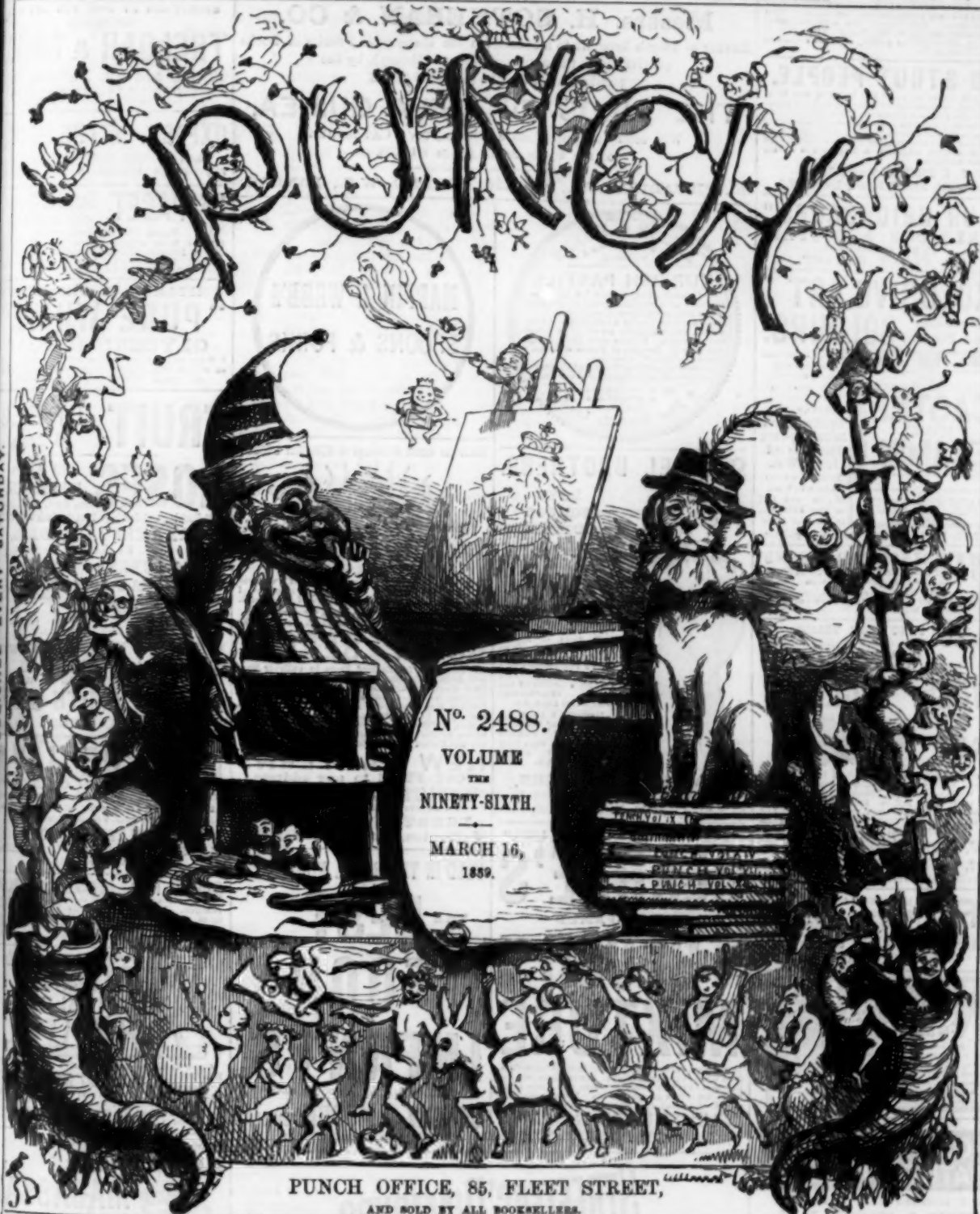


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ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 5.—The aristocracy becoming slightly bored with Law. Still a fair number daily tax the amiability of the ever-courteous Secretary. Having settled in our places, the Commissioners prepared to take the armchairs, which had been arranged beforehand for them at an angle calculated to allow of their entrance with a dignity fitting to their exalted station. There was the usual bow from the Bench to the Bar, which, alas! had no briefless brotherhood (in the back rows) to gratefully and gracefully return it! Then Sir JAMES HANNEN gave a decision about the admission of certain newspapers, which, it was alleged, had been used by the staff of the Land League for disseminating disaffection. That decision once known, Mr. ATTORNEY was called upon to read the paragraphs complained of. It was then that I fully appreciated how disastrous it would be were ladies ever admitted to the Bar. I could not help feeling that had two aged females been in the place of my learned friends, Sir RICHARD and Sir CHARLES, there would have been any amount of squabbling and loss of time. As it was, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. ATTORNEY was ready on the instant to go on, and that he received the greatest possible assistance from his learned friends on the other side. The Commissioners could scarcely conceal the gratification they evidently felt in presiding over so happy a family. It was a pretty and touching sight to gaze upon Sir RICHARD as he turned to his learned friends and asked, "Are you ready?" In a moment any number of miscellaneous documents were handed to him—all, no doubt, of the greatest possible value, if put in at the proper time. Mr. ATTORNEY's gratitude to "those associated with him" seemed to be unbounded, and he constantly called for Mr. SOAMES, no doubt to express to that learned gentleman his warmest acknowledgments for the valuable assistance that was being so copiously extended to him. Then came a few witnesses full of "information," as, no doubt, my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. LOCKWOOD would say, as they were informers—hence the smile-compelling pleasantry. The last was seemingly a youth of somewhat tender years; and when my learned and laughter-leading friend suggested that Mr. ROMAN should wheel the witness home (after re-examination) in a perambulator, the Court became quite Christmassy in its merriment before adjourning to the morrow.



"Well supplied with noble counsellors."
Shakespeare.

Wednesday.—Interest in Law once more on the wane. The perusing of extracts continued at the rate (after taking into consideration the expense of the inquiry), of I suppose, about a pound or so a minute. However, this rather costly exercise was of distinct value to my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH, who had the benefit of a reading lesson, personally conducted by Sir JAMES HANNEN. "May I ask you, kindly," said the revered President of the Probate Division, courteously but firmly, "to raise your voice, and hold your head up?" For a moment I almost expected to hear his Lordship add, "And slap your right leg with your cane, Sir, and wink at the girls!" I hasten to say, with heartfelt respect, that Sir JAMES gave no such martial, but entirely unlaywerlike direction. Moreover, it is only just to my learned friend (whose services in the case have been of the greatest value to his leader) to express my opinion that had he received such an order he would have hesitated, and rightly hesitated, to have carried it into execution; and this would have been the more commendable, as my learned friend has other than forensic claims to the title of "Junior," and Beauty in the Court has never lacked representatives. But it will be patent to everyone that it is no part of a counsel's duty (even under direction of the Bench) to recognise female comeliness by the sudden drooping and upraising of a wig-mounted eyelid. This reminds me that some of our forensic perukes are far from perfect. Had I frequent occasion to renew



Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., kindly assists
Mr. Roman to act on Counsel's Advice.

my own, I should go to Mr. Fox (whose wigs at the *Masks of Flowers* at Gray's Inn during the Jubilee were, so to speak, the toast of the Bench and the Bar), who, I feel sure would always fit me to my entire satisfaction. To return, the reproduction of the speeches of eminent statesmen and others (declaimed in his most brilliant style by my learned and energetic friend, Mr. ATKINSON) had certainly one advantage—it nearly cleared the Court. After the midday adjournment, the proceedings (like "grey shirtings" on certain interesting occasions in the City), became more "lively." Thanks to the gallant conduct of my learned and fiery friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, there were several little "scenes in Court" (subsequently found of great benefit by the gentlemen of the Press) and now and again there was quite a "sensational." I left before the adjournment, and was surprised to hear a rumour that, after my retirement, in spite of the ample room in court for all present, the President was reported to be quietly sitting upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL with every sign of satisfaction.

Thursday.—A further falling off in the attendance. Mr. SOAMES (the most hard-working of solicitors) of course was present, and if Mr. GEORGE LEWIS was less *en évidence*, that learned gentleman left matters in the able hands of a most efficient representative. It was a very pleasing sight to see the principal conversing with his devoted adherent. My learned and fiery friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, however, was instrumental in giving a distinct interest to the proceedings. With evident disinclination (for he assured us that he was "singularly averse" to interrupting anyone), he somehow contrived to have quite an exciting little altercation with the Bench by (so it seemed to me) the introduction of contention-breeding interpolations. He also cross-examined a witness with a verve and a go that may have recalled to some of us the most respected memories of that grand old institution, the Ancient Bailey. But when he accused my learned and apparently rather depressed friend, Mr. ATTORNEY, of making an "audacious request," I reluctantly confess I could not enthusiastically follow on the same side. However, we were so pleased when we learned that Sir RICHARD expected to complete his case in the course of a day or two, that Bench and Bar seemed prepared to forgive and forget everything. As a matter of fact, when the Commissioners retired for the week, they took their departure with an air of relief that conjured up a vision in my mind of three of the best and ablest of our Judges dancing with dignified joy in their own private apartments.

And now, as this seems to be a suitable time for explanation, perhaps I may be permitted to make a personal statement on my own account. I have reason to believe that there has been some surprise expressed that I have not myself been "retained" either on one side or the other in this very interesting case. I must admit that it is certainly a fact that no brief has been delivered at Pump-handle Court (up to date) desiring me to appear either "with me the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," or "with me Sir CHARLES RUSSELL." However, on reflection, I commend the judgment of Messrs. SOAMES and LEWIS in making what at first sight may have appeared (to the uninitiated) an omission. I venture to suggest that it may have occurred to certain eminent Solicitors in Ely Place and Lincoln's Inn Fields, that perhaps, if at any future time I desired to enter Parliament, I might wish to join that august assembly untrammelled by associations which, although absolutely professional, to the lay mind might be suggestive of Party predilections. And not having been engaged in this matter, of course such bonds, so far as I am concerned, are non-existent. For the rest I feel sure the Juniors associated with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL have got on very well without me; and as for the case of the *Times* (especially that branch of it that engravers would scarcely term "proofs before letters"), I honestly do not think any effort on my part could have materially improved it.

A Consultation.

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Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



Au revoir!

THE OSPREY AND THE EAGLES.

"The abdication of King MILAN of Serbia . . . has at length fallen like a thunderbolt on the State-craft of Europe."—*Times*.



FALLEN at last, but not quite like a thunderbolt!
 Osprey is hardly a Jovian bird;
 Rather a fowl that will, after big blunder, bolt;
 Timid rapacity's slightly absurd.

True birds of prey should be boldly belligerent,
 Dauntless in danger, and strong on the wing;
 Crises on cocktails will act as refrigerant,
 Courage he needs who of air would be king.

Fish-eating Osprey—men do not think much of him;
 Not e'en a white-tailed Sea-eagle is he. [of him,
 His prey, when he's pressed, he lets slip from the clutch
 Shrieks, and seeks safety in flight o'er the sea.
Aquila imperialis is chasing him;
 Osprey now hears his strong wings on the wind,
 Hates him, but has little fancy for facing him,
 Hooks it—but leaving his booty behind!

Obrenovitch Osprey, you never were eagle-like,
 Jackal at best to true kings of the air.
 Nemesis long on your track has hung, beagle-like,
 Destiny's down upon those who can't dare.
 Yes, you have made a big splash, there's no doubt of it,
 Dropping your prey in this summary style.
 Poor puzzled fowl, you are surely well out of it,
 Osprey; but *apres*? A deluge of guile,
 Or war's cataclysm? The prey you have parted with,
 Drops from your clutch; will it fall where you please?
 Swift on your track two true eagles have darted, with
 Eyes on that prey. These are turbulent seas,
 Wild and wind-swept from the East; fierce and furious
 Swoop those two fowls in competitive chase,
 Whilst on his crag, in an attitude curious,
 Watching the fray with a Sphinxian face,
 Perches a third one, Teutonic; the Thunderer
 Throned on Olympus might own him for mate.
 He is no rashly belligerent blunderer;
 Watchful as Memnon, he's silent as Fate.
 What shall the issue be? Poor pusillanimous
 Osprey, the Eagles are gathered; you go!
 Iron-winged might is not mild or magnanimous,
Aquila's ever a pitiless foe.
 Into whose claws will the quarry you're frightened from
 Fall in the end? The horizon looks black; [from,
 When the far East a fresh storm shall have lightened
 Which of those Eagles will ride out the wrack?

DR. ROBSON ROOSE has written an admirable article on the Water Supply of London in the current Number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Seemingly, we poor Cockneys are fairly well off, if we take care to keep a filter in the house. However, it is as well to see that it is not supplied (like another philter) by some modern *Dr. Dulcamara*. While thanking Dr. ROBSON ROOSE for his really valuable contribution to the welfare of mankind, *Mr. Punch*, in dealing with the subject, has a natural preference for a rather more spirited policy—a policy which would include in its scope lemon, nutmeg, alcohol in various forms, and other pleasant ingredients. The water used in this mixture should of course be heated to a suitable temperature.



AN APPEAL.

"NOW, SMITHERS, LET ME EARNESTLY EXHORT YOU TO TAKE THE PLEDGE."
 "CERTAINLY NOT, MY LADY! I'M NOT ONE O' YOUR PEOPLE AS CAN'T KEEP
 SOBER WITHOUT GOIN' AND TAKIN' HOATHS ABOUT IT!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

NINTH EVENING.

"Not very long ago," said the Moon, "I shone down on the deck of a large Emigrant Ship, which was just leaving its moorings. It was crowded with people—men, women, and children, and many of the faces I saw wore a very sad expression. They were leaving the country of their birth, and the friends and scenes they had grown up and lived amongst, to begin life again in a strange land; so it was not wonderful if they were not in the best of spirits. Still they bore up bravely, especially the men, though some of the women wept a little behind their shawls, and the children cried too, for company and the strangeness of it all. But they were sensible people at heart, and they quite understood that it was best for themselves, their country, and everybody, that they should go. They were strong, industrious, and sober, but there was no room and no work for them at home, the population was too large already, and by going they were making it better for the others who remained. And in the New World, far away, with their energy, industry, and health, they would be sure to prosper and become a credit to the colony. All that they knew—and yet, now the time had come to quit the old country for ever, they could only feel how dear it was; and some of them would have given all they had in the world just then to be allowed to stay in their own land, even though they starved there."



Moonshine.

"As the great ship began to move slowly, another vessel passed it quite close in the opposite direction. Its deck was as crowded as the first, and the passengers on both thronged to the sides and looked curiously at one another. I could not help noticing," said the Moon, "what a difference there was between the two sets of passengers. The first were peasants and artisans, sturdy, honest-looking, self-reliant, pinched some of them by recent privations, but all belonging to a class of which a great country might well be proud. Of the others—those in the vessel that was arriving—as much could not be said. They were undersized degraded-looking creatures, ignorant and filthy, of whom their own land was only too glad to be rid. They were coming to your shores with vague ideas of getting more money and living better than at home. I know what will happen to them!" said the Moon, "for I have seen it many a time. They will fall into the power of some of their own countrymen, only a little less degraded than themselves, and they will become slaves, herding together in horrible dens, and spreading disease and squalor and general bestiality in the neighbourhood they dwell in."

"And as the English emigrants looked at these foreigners, I know what the thought was which rose unbidden in all their minds. 'If there is no room for us,' they were asking with their sad eyes, 'Why is there room for these?'"

"And, upon my word," concluded the Moon, "although I suppose your clever statesmen could answer the question satisfactorily, I have not found it so easy myself!"

Nemesis.

(By a Sufferer from the Ring in Copper.)

THAT huge Copper Syndicate came a huge cropper!
 Hooray! Like HOOD's laundress they shiver and quake;
 For, like her, they went in for "Skying the Copper,"
 And blew up themselves—by mistake.

NEW NAME FOR THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. "SULTAN."—Ground-Rice.

DUE SOUTH.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.

WHAT I did with BYNGLEIGH, who came up after I had lost my little all, and had changed some more gold into five-franc pieces, I will recount on a future occasion. At present a day must intervene, a *fête* day, which removes me away from the tables, and takes me over to Nice. Certainly, being at Monte Carlo, let us go to the second day of the "Battle of Flowers." This is March the 4th, and the Battle of Flowers does sound such a summery proceeding.

"Mrs. GRAYLING and her niece MABEL want to see it," says Mrs. GRAYLING's brother-in-law, the generous TAPLIN, who, when out for a holiday, likes to do the thing well; "and so, if you'll come,"—this to me,—"I'll take the lot of you. One more or less makes no difference."

Being delighted at hearing that my presence will make no difference, I embrace the offer.

The carriage is at the door. There are two baskets of flowers and two bouquets. This looks like the First of May, old "Chimney-sweepers' Day." It may "look like" the First of May; but with a



Going to the Battle of Flowers at Nice.

cutting North wind, with just a touch of East in it, it *feels* like the time of year it is; namely, the fourth day of March, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. At all events there is no fog, as there probably is in London at this moment. The sky is clear, the Mediterranean is blue, the sun is bright, the view is lovely; yet the wind is cutting. We take rugs, wraps, and overcoats, but out of compliment to the appearance of the place, with its hedges of geraniums, its red roses on the walls, the spreading palm-trees, the cactuses, the olive-trees, and the prickly pears, "all a-growing" and looking tropical—(how they do it is a wonder to me!) I am inclined to think they're most of them sham, the deception being connived at by the authorities, and kept up by the hotel-keepers and the Casino officials at an enormous cost)—so, as I say, out of compliment to the tropical "scenery and properties," we decide on *not* having foot-warmers in the carriage.

TAPLIN, huddled up in rugs, with only the upper part of his head, under a pot-hat, appearing above (so to speak) the bed-clothes, exclaims, from time to time, "There's a beautiful view!"—nodding at it, for he won't take his hands out from under the coverings,— "Lovely, isn't it?" to which we all assent, the pair on the back seat not turning their heads to look at it, for fear of getting a stiff neck and being "struck so;" and then TAPLIN, wriggling down lower than ever under his counterpane and blankets, murmurs, with conviction, "But, I say, it is cold!" And so say all of us, and all snuggle down under the rugs. For all this, we are going to the celebrated Battle of Flowers at Nice.

Nice.—We pull up at the *Restaurant Français*. Descend. Nice is *en fête*. Flower-baskets everywhere. Fans for sale. Ragged urchins with baskets of flowers. Everybody moving about. Fortunately we find one table unoccupied. We swoop down on it, and occupy it bodily. We are here for the Battle of Flowers; so *à la guerre comme à la guerre!*

Restaurant doing enormous business. Crowd too big for the small room. Prices up probably in consequence. It will be "breakfast at the fork out." Head-waiter imposing personage, but with his wits about him. Good breakfast and good wine. We begin to feel warm and comfortable.

"Amusing scene," says Mrs. GRAYLING, patronisingly. Miss MABEL is delighted with everything. TAPLIN says, "I don't see anything very Carnivalish about the place." Miss MABEL exclaims, "Oh, don't you think so!" She is evidently afraid that if Uncle TAPLIN begins to be disappointed with it, he may suddenly decide to return without seeing any more. So she continues, "Why, Uncle, look at all the people! And then, you remember, we saw that figure of King Carnival sitting in a ship as we drove in!" "Ah, yes, so we did," replied Uncle TAPLIN, brightening up. Whereat we all brighten up too, and Uncle TAPLIN insists on our having some old

Burgundy, whereupon we brighten up still more, and become warm and genial. We expand like the flowers, and by two o'clock, when we get into the carriage again,—this time with the rugs concealed, and only the flowers displayed,—we are all in full bloom. The North wind has blown itself out,—at its own luncheon, perhaps,—at all events, we don't feel it so much in the town, and the sun is shining.

Everybody is now *en fête*. Shops are closed, all business suspended for the rest of the afternoon. It is the Flower Derby Day. All sorts of Tom-fools among the populace in false noses, dominoes, as Pierrots, and in a variety of shabby fancy costumes, the odds and ends of costumiers' old clothes. A carriage comes along, being one mass of flowers, wheels and all. It is Jack-in-the-Green on wheels. These faded costumes, and ruddled cheeks, these clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, do certainly recall my boyish recollections of Chimney Sweeper's Festival in London, with My Lord and My Lady, Pantaloon, the Swell, and Clown with the ladle collecting the coppers.

It is a great day for the *Niçois* 'ARRY and 'ARRIET. It is a great day for everyone who has anything in the way of a fan or a bouquet to sell. Any price. How much for that fan? "Fifteen francs." Bah! "Then how much will Monsieur give?" Monsieur will give a third of the price. "Oh, impossible!" Monsieur passes on, and purchases two fans (with which the ladies are to protect their faces), for one franc each. "Let's have two good bouquets," says Uncle TAPLIN, becoming enthusiastic; and the ladies exclaim, "Oh, yes, do! Let's!" So Uncle TAP purchases two bouquets, and our coachman, being an ingenious creature, and a bit of an artist in colour,—having already decorated his horse's heads with small nose-gays,—now takes the carriage-lamps out of their sockets, deposits them in a shop (I hope with a trusty friend), and in half a minute, the two bouquets have replaced the lamps, and give quite a gay and festive appearance to our equipage.

Basket after basket of flowers is offered to us. Ten francs, nine francs, any francs, down to one franc, according to size. Here's a good basket-full. How much Madame? Madame replies readily, hazarding a likely price, "Monsieur shall have it for nine francs." Monsieur, who is hard at a bargain this morning, won't hear of it. What, then, will Monsieur give? Monsieur will give five francs. "Tenez," she exclaims, shoving it into my hands, "*prenez-le, prenez-le!*" She won't wait—the bargain is concluded—she is afraid I shall change my mind. I take the basket, and, my hands being full, I ask Uncle TAP for the money. "*Et encore un franc pour la corbeille!*" shrieks the lady, who is a type of a *Niçoise* as an outside-Covent-Garden market-woman.

"Hey, what's that?" asks Uncle TAPLIN, suspiciously, under the impression that something has gone wrong with the bargain. "One franc more for the basket," I say, carrying it off to the ladies.

"All right!" says Uncle TAP, much relieved, and pays up. Boys surrounding us, begging to be taken as *ramasseurs*. Fortunately some one has told me beforehand that a *ramasseur*, at two francs for the afternoon, is necessary as a sort of running footman, to pick up the nose-gays, and return them to the carriage. I select a sickly-looking chap, who really does seem in want of a job. Five francs he wants. No. Three. Very good, he'll undertake it for three,—and will Monsieur pay beforehand? No, Monsieur won't. This engagement being made, our successful *ramasseur* shows that he is not quite the sickly creature he appears, by kicking and cuffing all the smaller and unsuccessful candidates for our *ramasseurship*, and then he mounts by the side of the coachman, and we are off to the *Promenade des Anglais*. At the entrance we are stopped, and a *louis* is demanded. "Halloa!" says Uncle TAPLIN, induced to resent the demand as an imposition on confiding foreigners, "What's this for?" I remember the Derby Day, and remind him that even in free England we have to pay a guinea to take our place among the coaches on the hill. "Ah, so we do!" says Uncle TAPLIN, and seeing the matter in a different light, and rather pleased that this price of admission should be an imitation of an English custom, he pays it with cheerful alacrity, and the coachman receives a yellow ticket, while for one franc more, our consumptive *ramasseur* has purchased a Carnival fool's cap, which is the badge of his official connection with our carriage, and so we enter the rank as combatants in the Battle of Flowers.

The Drive is not crowded at first. It is railed in on both sides. There are mounted *gendarmes* keeping the course, and, occasionally, when tired of standing still, taking short sharp gallops from one



Before the Battle.

point to another, on the evident pretence of giving each other orders, or delivering official messages. There are important personages, stewards of the course, on foot, wearing red rosettes, who are very ill-tempered, cross, and fussy. By the *Hôtel de la Méditerranée* the crowd is really dense,—but never at any one point, or at any part all along the course, does it ever exceed the crowd to be seen in Hyde Park by the Serpentine on a fine day at the first meet of the Four-in-hand, or Coaching, Club. Here are the Tom-fools and clowns, and other professional gentry going about just as the acrobats, and the conjuror, and the strong man, and so forth, do on the Derby Day. There are very few good turn-outs, and the presence of *coitures*, hired traps, and vans, are rather suggestive (to the Englisher of Cockney experience) of a "day out" with the Foresters, 'Appy 'Ampton, or Odd Fellows. There is a band playing somewhere, which is to be heard occasionally.

"When is the battle going to begin?" asks Mrs. GRAYLING, who is a trifle nervous.

"O Aunt!" exclaims MABEL, "look—they're throwing already." And scarcely are the words out of her mouth than three small nose-gays fall lightly into our carriage, and a fourth drops outside, which is immediately picked up and given to us by our *ramasseur*, who from this moment has his work cut out for him. A gaily-dressed lady drives by, and throws a bouquet at Uncle TAPLIN.

"Ha!" he exclaims, his eyes sparkling with delight at the compliment thus paid him by the fair stranger, and he discharges one at her, which misses. Mrs. GRAYLING receives nice little nose-gays on her bonnet or her face, and returns them with a graceful sort of movement, as if she were curtseying on her seat. Miss MABEL becomes energetic, and goes in for rapid pelting, keeping the consumptive *ramasseur* hard at work.

"Really," says Uncle TAPLIN, chuckling, "this is capital fun." Here comes at him a small bunch of violets, which he returns so quickly that it gently hits his assailant—a very pretty woman—on the corner of her ear. "Aha!" laughs Uncle TAP— "and all done with such good-humour! Oh!" he cries, suddenly, "who the deuce did that?" as a heavy-handed bouquet, bound with wire, gives him a stinger on the cheek. I can't help laughing. "That was a nasty one," I say, and, seeing a big man, in a white hat, pass, I hurl the heavy bouquet at him. Bang goes his hat, and there is a shout of laughter. It is too late to retaliate,—he has been driven off one way, our carriage another.

"Capital!" I exclaim. I'm really getting quite warm with the exertion of throwing. I select prominent personages, on coach boxes, or sitting up at the backs of the carriages.

"Now look here," I say to Uncle TAP, "see me catch that chap on—Ha! conf—"

A heavy blow, as if from a tennis-ball, catches me behind the ear, another whack in my eye, and a third bang on the cheek—"en plein"—as we say at roulette. Shouts of laughter from the bystanders. My cheek is smarting painfully, and my eye is watering. This is horse-play. This is not good-humoured. That blow on my ear—my, how it tingles!—was vicious, distinctly vicious. I prepare a heavy, well-wired bouquet. If I could only catch the confounded fellow who—Ah! bang on my hat. I turn sharply and discharge, savagely, my life-preserver bouquet,—as an olive-branch out of a catapult,—whack, on to the nearest Tom-fool's head. He flinches and goes down to avoid, whereupon, my life-preserver bouquet catches an entirely



After the Battle.

innocent person, standing just behind him. A laugh—and a whack at me—right on the tip of my nose—which feels smashed in. Nose-gay indeed! I feel my nose is anything but a nose-gay now. Shouts of laughter, in which Uncle TAPLIN joins. This reminds me suddenly, that I must keep my temper, or at all events, keep up appearances of being in the best possible humour; otherwise, if the crowd becomes nasty, vegetables might follow. So I take my punishment smiling.

Mrs. GRAYLING and MABEL have recognised lots of friends, and have been pelting and pelted right and left. Once MABEL gets rather a nasty one, and retaliates with all her might and main. Mrs. GRAYLING has her hat knocked on one side, which gives her a momentarily dissipated appearance; but she only smiles, and tosses back upon her fierce assailant a pretty little bouquet, making her usual half-curtsey on the seat, and then puts her hat to-rights.

Happy Thought.—As our baskets of ammunition may be soon exhausted, let us attract the fire of others upon ourselves by feigning to be preparing to throw. This succeeds admirably, and in a few minutes our baskets are choke full again.

Some one cries out, "There's the Prince of WALES!" and in the distance we hear the band playing our National Anthem, but I am unable to catch sight of His Royal Highness, as, just when I am

raising my hat to salute him, I receive a heavy bouquet full in the face,—"*en plein*" again,—and can't distinguish even the most distinguished persons for the next couple of minutes.

Having driven up and down the promenade three times, and having, all of us, received "nasty ones," more or less, in the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, isn't the amusement becoming a trifle monotonous? Isn't the fun a little forced? Isn't it rather devoid of "life" and "go"? "Is there anything else to do or to see?" I ask the driver when we get into a quiet part of the promenade where there is only a single line of carriages. The coachman shrugs his shoulders; no, this is all. "*Tout ce qu'il y a à faire, ou à voir.*" When does it finish? Well, about 4'30, the coachman says, naming an early hour, as he probably is becoming tired of it, and wants to get home to tea.

"It's not well arranged," says Uncle TAPLIN, with his hat smashed in, and one side of his face as red as a rose from a recent violent blow.

"No," I reply, feeling very hot and very angry, because with a swollen cheek, a burning ear, and a partially discoloured eye, I have

not been able to be revenged on

"The Man who struck O'Hara"

—(Oh, if I had only been near him with a thick stick! I'd have shown him what a

Battle of Flowers ought to be, and be blowed to him for a coward!)

"Let's turn back and out it," I suggest.

Yes—the ladies have had enough of it.

We are not vanquished. We do not retreat. No; we simply don't want to play any more—and—ha!—a drop of rain! Rain it is! and rain it will be, when it once begins. So hurry back, Coachman. Out with the bouquets, in again with the lamps, lighted this time, for the gloom is coming on, all the forces are routed, and in full retreat we drive along the road to Monte Carlo, arriving in time to vaseline our wounds, and prepare for dinner.

It has been a glorious fight, this Battle of Flowers. Not quite so lively as we expected, and yet a little too lively occasionally. We all agree that it is a pretty sight. But Uncle TAPLIN and myself are of opinion that it is badly managed, and that the horse-play spoils it.

In excellent form for dinner. The very evening for a glass of real good champagne. Now in France, as a rule, this is just what you can't get, pay what you will for it. But, to the eternal praise of

Signor ZUCCHI (of our Hotel) be it recorded, that he is able to produce for our benefit Pommery and Greno '80, and very soon we are all unanimous in our expression of opinion that the Battle of Flowers at Nice is well worth seeing, that we wouldn't have missed it for anything, that all the pelting was most good-tempered, and that if there were, now and then, a little horse-play, it must be expected from a crowd; and—after all—didn't we join in it as heartily (and as fiercely) as any one? Certainly. Another bottle of Pommery, '80 or '84, and here's the health of the Battle of Flowers at Nice!



Sudden Interruption of the Battle of Flowers at Nice.

"Sauve qui peut!"

Tips to the Two Sides.

To an Unlating Unionist.

"UNION is strength," when sense cements communion,
But strength (of language) is not always Union!

To a Shrieking Separatist.

"FORCE is no remedy"—that's true, of course.
Then why seek remedy in (verbal) Force?

"Dust Ho!"

"A FAIR day's work, and a fair day's pay!" used to be considered the modest ideal of male labourers. A day's labour of eleven hours knee-deep in a foul-smelling, disease-disseminating dust-heap, for tenpence seems, according to recent Clerkenwell revelations, to be the wretched reality amongst some of our modern women-workers. If this is how our "Golden Dustmen" gather their gold, the cry will be, not "Down with the dust!" but "Down with the Dustmen!"

OF THE TURF TURFY.—The case against Messrs. SANGER, on account of the accident to the "Baldwin Pony" was dismissed by the Bench. "Quite right too," says little PRUNGER. "Betting may be illegal—more or less—but it would be a pretty state of things, by Jove, if a fellow were liable to be had up for the quite too awfully common misfortune of 'dropping a Pony,' don'tcher?"



KINDLY MEANT.

SCENE—A Dance at the Portman Rooms (late Madame Tussaud's).

Ingenuous Masher (to Ancient Chaperons). "Aw—I say—AWFULLY DRAUGHTY HERE, DON'THERKNOW. WON'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE 'CHAMBER OF HORRORS'?—THEY 'VE GOT A STOVE, AND YOU 'LL FEEL SO MUCH MORE AT HOME THERE, DON'THERKNOW!"

A WHITEHALL CANTATA.

ARGUMENT.—The Wizard of the Admiralty attacked in his Official Mystic Domains by Malcontent Spirits of the Opposition, defends his programme, and ultimately, spite the intervention of the Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price, carries it through triumphantly amidst the acclamations of his supporters.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

We wait here in our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you leave undone or do,
Keen to exult o'er every slip and blunder
That indirectly may be traced to you.
We care not for your facts, nor what your
case is,

The whole may be well drowned in party din,
Provided it supplies us with a basis
Of ousting you,—and getting ourselves "in."
So mark us. If you prove to demonstration
The Navy for its work is all too weak,
And that the very safety of the Nation
Hangs on your getting the increase you seek:
If you prove this, and count on our assistance,
You'll find that you'll be disappointed quite,
For what you say is black, with much per-
sistence

We're perfectly prepared to swear is white.
And this we'll do with will right true and
hearty,

For as a Politician you must know
That when the question's simply one of
Party, [way go.
The "Country" to the dogs may straight-
So here we keep our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you do or leave undone,

And mean to trip you up. You're safe to
blunder,
And if we oust you, then begins the fun.
But as for danger threatening the Nation,—
That possibly may be, or not, the case:
But anyhow it means to us Salvation.
If it, 'mid chaos, brings us into "place!"

THE ADMIRALTY WIZARD.

What venom'd streams on Office seem to pour
From these malignant Opposition shelves!
And yet, such sentiments I've heard before!
When "out," we've given vent to them our-
selves.

But as my wish at present's to keep "in,"
I'll with my spirited demand begin,
And boldly public agitation meet
By asking means to build a brand-new fleet!

CHORUS OF ALARMISTS.

Ask what you will! For untold millions call.
We're dazed with terror, and we grant you all!

[They are about to kneel to him, when The
Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price
slowly rises from the depths of an official
wastepaper-basket. The Malcontents
crowd about him, and greet him with
manifestations of welcome.

THE MELANCHOLY DEMON OF PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE.

Not so! Already far too much you spend!
Why fancy every foreign Power your foe?
In every neighbour you should see a friend,
And at no outrage o'er resentment show.
Should war break out by chance, amid the
scare [prepare.
'Twould be quite time your programme to

A HALF-PAY ADMIRAL (*con fuoco*).

Great Heav'n! Must I such rubbish sit and
hear!

[Addressing The Wizard of the Admiralty.
We'll listen, please, to what you've got to say.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY

I think that I can make my purpose clear.
Shall I begin?

CHORUS.

By all means. Fire away!

SONG.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY.]

With reproaches too long I've been loaded
That the Navy's deficient and weak;
Till, by experts and Admirals goaded,
At length I've determined to speak.
It appears that, if we were invaded,
We should have no first line of defence
And, of this as you all seem persuaded,
You will not mind a little expense!—
And Twenty-one Millions is all that I ask,
With which to accomplish this National task.

Don't imagine the matter I'm hot on,
Though I badger you here for a Fleet:
It's the experts who've put the whole pot on,
And have left me no means of retreat.
So I've bid the Departments get ready.
If the F. O. meantime makes no slips,
In five years, should things keep pretty
steady,

You'll possess your new "seventy ships,"
So give me the Twenty-one Millions I ask,
And I'll soon accomplish the National task!



NAILED TO THE MAST!



CHORUS (*Anale*).

Gleefully your Millions voting,
All your facts and figures noting,
We will give you what you ask.
So all Opposition scouting,
Nothing fearing, nothing doubting,
Set about your promised task!

[The Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price sinks once more, and disappears in the official waste-paper basket, as the Malcontents cover away in the distance, crouching in threatening attitudes, while the rest join in a wild dance around the Wizard of the Admiralty, who surveys them with a sickly smile of satisfaction as the Scene closes.

PAINTER-ETCHERS IN PALL MALL.

It has been said that "pleasure is pain in disguise." If that be the



case, possibly pain is but pleasure masquerading. Any way, painter-etchedness, as exemplified by the Exhibition now open at the Royal Water Colour Society's Rooms, is in all respects likely to produce joyous sensations. The President, Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, contributes over 140 examples, and if we see more of his work than anybody else's, he is doubtless aiding the success of the show by contributing so largely to the collection. Most of the exhibitors seem to have "got the needle," and having got it, it is needless to say they have used it with point and dexterity. There are over 350 examples on the walls, and in most of them the lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. It is strange that in so large an exhibition of needlework there is but little that is So-so.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN A NUTSHELL.

OUR Policy, friends, may be briefly displayed:
Keep out Foreign Labour, keep in Native Trade!
Protection's our ticket, Free Trade is no go;
We have small faith in MILL, but we're much in MONROE.
Of alien Cadgers we'd make a good clearance;
We won't interfere, and won't stand interference.
If 'twixt East and West seaboard we wish for a shorter way,
Uncle SAM, it is clear, must be boss of the water-way.
We won't trust for freedom to Franks; what Lord BYRON meant
I mean—we will not have "hostile environment."
We are quite snug at home, and have no need to "collar."
But—well, you may just lay your bottomest dollar,
Our continents Europe must not take a stand in;
We'll want North and South—by-and-by—to expand in.
We'll leave—for the present—the small states their freedom,
But Europe must kindly "hands off" till we need 'em.
We'll respect foreign flags, in the spirit and letter,
If they'll respect ours—and, by Jingo, they'd better!
We do not much mind "diplomatic adjustment,"
If we get the pull; if we don't, there's a dust meant.
Our Surplus—well, that need not much rough your hair, if
We trim things a bit without touching the Tariff.
That's sacred, of course. If you don't make a bother,
You bet, we shall fix it up, somehow or other.
Protection we'll back without making it bigger,
If "sections" you'll drop, and—make use of the Nigger!
Civil Service Reform? That, of course; bless you, yes!
We shall tackle that job, with the usual success.
Party Service from office a man won't disqualify
(A principle that which a CATO might mollify),
But fraud or incompetence winked at by Me?
Snakes! What do you take me for? Fiddlededee!
I'll do quite as much for Civilian Virtue
As CLEVELAND—and that, I suspect, will not hurt you.
That's all—save the usual rhetorical flourishes.
Our Big Bird o' Freedom its noble youth nourishes
On—whatever comes in his way. While he carries on
This game, it's all right with that Fowl—and with HARRISON!

NEW CLASSIFICATION.—The division of Society into the "Classes" and the "Masses," though popular at present, is vague and inexact. Society is really made up of Toilers, Idlers, and Criminals; which may be fitly called, respectively, the Working, Shirking, and Lurking Classes.

A DOG'S TALE!—THE STORY OF STING!

[N.B.—Please to remember the poor Bow-Wows, who are in a sorry plight at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea.]

AH! Sting! my old friend, as you sit by the fire, and gaze so contentedly into the coals,
Can I wonder when men have no need of their hearts, why it should not be true that some doggies have souls?
It is folly to say that you never have thought, when you turn from your retrospect into the past
And leaving the vision of what might have been, you rest your dear eyes on your mistress at last!
Ah! many's the mile, in this weary old world, we have jogged on together in sun and in snow,
There was never a pain at my heart but you felt: there is never a day of distress but you know;
When joy has been with me you've oasped at heel, in days less distressful, 'neath sunnier skies,
But the tears that in solitude wetted my cheeks, were mirrored, dear Sting, in your faithful old eyes!

Come, leave that old rug where you're scorching your nose, and turn round and round in your home on my lap,
And see if we both can reflect and recall how I found out my friend, and poor Sting a mishap. [cry touched each sensitive heart.
I was strolling alone round old Lincoln's Inn Fields, when a piteous Ah! it pierces me now, that sharp anguish of pain, "Run over, 'a poor little dog,' by a cart!"
And the brute drove away with a laugh and a leer. There were few who could help, but a hundred to see.
So I pushed through the crowd, and your eyes fell on mine, as with poor damaged paw you came limping to me!
To the Hospital straight, with my friend in my arms, who moaned, and then licked me in pain and despair;
But at night, when I'd done all my work in the wards, my patient I found in my Hospital Chair!

Ah! Sting, you old scamp! Shall I ever forget, when you took to your food and were able to play,
That I found your chair empty! A desolate hearth! for the friend I had found—well! had bolted away.
Then I flung myself down in disconsolate mood—the ingratitude yours, and the folly all mine,
But at last from my reverie woke when I heard at my door most distinctly—a scratch! then a whine!
I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—bless your heart, never tell me that dogs' cannot think—when I saw
The Dog who was well—with a tear in his eye—was conducting a friend who had damaged his paw!
Alone he had hunted his playfellow out! Alone he had helped his lame friend up the stair,
And at night, curled together, a paw on each neck, my Sting with his Snip were asleep in their chair!

And now, my old friend, as we doze by the fire, our wandering done, we are lonely at last! [from both of us, into the past!
For Snip, who once gambolled around us in youth, has travelled When I think of the years that have faded away, I look in your face, and I surely see there
The eyes of a friend who has never proved false, and the sign of the love that you meant me to share!
The dear ones who loved and caressed us are gone; we gave them our hearts; there was nothing to save,
But the picture of parting that never is lost, and a rest on the hill by a desolate grave! [faithful companions a crumb,
Let us never forget just a shelter to give, and to throw to your Since the fate that denies us the voice of a friend, can comfort our hearts with a Love that is Dumb!

GOOD WOOD!

THAT delightful writer on Natural History, the Rev. J. G. WOOD, died the other day, to the regret of everyone who ever dipped into his multitudinous books. Notwithstanding its unfailing industry and perennial charm, his prolific pen was unable to make provision for his sick widow and her six children. The Vicar of St. Peter's, Kent, where Mr. Wood resided, has made an appeal to the public in this case, which he says is "very urgent," as it is surely very deserving. If every reader, boy or man, who owes any number of happy hours to the author of so many charming works, were moved to pay some minute portion of his debt by sending his mite to the "J. G. Wood Fund," that Fund would speedily become a pretty plump one. Mr. Punch gladly announces that the mites in question—may they be many!—may be sent direct to the Rev. ALFRED WHITEHEAD, Vicarage, St. Peter's, Kent, or to the "J. G. WOOD Fund," Messrs. HAMMOND & Co., Bankers, Queen Street, Ramsgate. Now, boys!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 60.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION LISTENING TO MR. BALFOUR.

A VICAR OF —?

THE Vicar of Great Barling
Is of bigots quite the darling,
Denunciation equally applying
(To his Bishop's small content)
Unto dallying with Dissent,
As to other deadly sins—like theft and lying.

O Rev. F. A. GACE,
You *must* be a babe o' grace,
A (let us hope) anachronistic rarity!
One feels, did you begin
At codifying sin, [Charity!
Your cardinal transgression would be—

THE USE OF MICE IN POLITICS.

RICULUS MUS, who, according to the old fable, once released the lion from a net, may yet save the British Lion from the meshes of female domination, which some deem to be closing on him. A meeting of a Woman's Suffrage League is said to have been hurriedly broken up by the scare created through the sudden apparition of "a little mouse"! Fancy, strong-minded Blue-Stockingdom beaten by the tiny household rodent! The ladies were assembled "to appoint female Candidates for Poor Law Guardians." To them in solemn conclave gathered, enter one little furry creature with sparkling eyes and long tail, and lo! a hasty gathering of skirts, and a hurried flight! Would-be Women Guardians scattered by "the most magnanimous mouse." Fancy a modern Mock-Heroic on the "Battle of the Female Suffragists and the—Mice!" The "Rat" has long had his place in the Political World. Now is the time for the Mouse. The story has, of course, been denied, and perhaps is too good to be true!

A Song of Street Barriers.

AIR—"The Wolf."

[The County Council threatens the existence of Street Bars and Gates.]

'Tis the County Council's hour,
Ducal Landlords harsh and dour.
(Won't it make their blue blood creep?)
Street-bars shall not longer keep.
Cabby soon shall freely prowl;
("Compensation!" Dukes will howl.)
Gates and Bars will fly asunder!
Won't the Landlords call it plunder?

A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE FRENCH.—

The seasons of the year do not seem to affect the success of the *Babes in the Wood*, at Drury Lane. Ever since Christmas the theatre has been crammed daily, and when Easter is reached, the house is sure to be crowded, or as "our lively neighbours across the Channel" would say *pacqued*. Meanwhile (they might also remark) the *Babes*, even in Lent, are visited nine times a week by the *caréme de la crème* of Society.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, March 4.—Things delightfully dull to-night after fervour of last week. At Question Time Irish Members tried to get up little breeze about mysterious movements of Head Constable PRESTON. HARCOURT, incited by previous successes from below Gangway, followed on same tack. MATTHEWS blundering as usual; but even that didn't succeed in bringing on a row.

"Must have a quiet night sometimes," OLD MORALITY pleaded. "Quiescence plays in daily life the part of nitrate on the exhausted soil. It fructifies it; or, as I might say, it makes it fruitful."

Some promise of diversion from unexpected quarter. Anonymous Gentleman rose from Bench behind Ministers; attempted to counter-



"THE RESERVE FORCES."

Militia Officer. "AUGH!—A NEW MAN. AH—'VE YOU BEEN IN 'SERVICE BEFORE?'"

Recruit. "Yes, Sir."

Officer. "AUGH—WHAT REGIMENT?"

Recruit. "MRS. WIGGINS'S COACHMAN, SIR!!!"

veil designedly awkward question by HARCOURT as to vagaries of Lieutenant in Command of Detachment of British Army at Church at Clonmel on Sunday. Diligent inquiry made known fact that anonymous person was THEOBALD, the Member for Romford. This question his maiden speech; evidently prepared with great care. But, whether owing to nervousness or bad writing, could not make out contents of manuscript. Doggedly stuck at it; forged ahead, mixing up alternate lines; talking about the "Commanding Priest" and the "Reverend Officer." At last, SPEAKER interfered; suggested notice had better be given of question. THEOBALD, looking up over manuscript, affected not to see SPEAKER; stumbled on again; loud cries of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER and THEOBALD on their legs together; THEOBALD only got two more folios to read; might do them at a trot. Came another cropper; not quite clear whether the

priest was "publicly rebuked by said officer," or whether said officer was publicly rebuked by priest.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, with increased sternness.

"Order! Order!" roared Irish Members.

THEOBALD, popping head again up over manuscript, looked round the House with anguished expression, and sat down on his hat. Irish Members, soothed by this little incident, subsided, and talking went drowsily forward. *Business done.*—Still harping on Address.

Tuesday.—A little froth left on top of Parliamentary bottle. Wanting to know all kinds of things about secret interviews between emissaries of the *Times*, and prisoners in cell. Emissaries alleged to be Government officials. COBB very anxious to know how the Chevalier LE CARON came to be introduced to Mr. HOUTON; whether an official of Scotland Yard gave the Chevalier a number of confidential documents, forming part of correspondence that had come into ANDERSON'S possession in his official capacity. MATTHEWS, assuming early-morning attitude of Sphinx, knows very little about anything. What little he does know, declines to disclose. BALFOUR equally reticent. Irish Members pepper away. HARCOURT, unable to resist temptation, plunges in, and splashes round. BALFOUR and MATTHEWS, standing back to back, face the crowd. After squabble, lasting nearly an hour, attacking forces withdraw. BALFOUR reclines in graceful attitude on Bench; HENRY MATTHEWS mops his forehead, and wonders why he should have consented to be HOME SECRETARY.

AKERS-DOUGLAS moves new writ for Kennington in place of GENT-DAVIS. GENT-DAVIS person of renown. His history told in two chapters and eight stars; thus:—

CHAPTER I.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., brings action against Mr. Punch.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., comes a cropper. No longer M.P. *Exit.*



Robertson, M.P.

"Yah! yah! yah!" roared ROBERT FOWLER. Cheer taken up from all the Ministerial Benches, and SMITH resumed his seat suffused with consciousness of virtue. *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Wednesday.—A Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame sort of day. CUNNINGHAME speaking when Debate on Address adjourned at midnight; comes up quite fresh this afternoon, and continues speech for an hour. Then enter CONYBEARE, and exit the few Members left by CUNNINGHAME. CONYBEARE growls and snarls for space of an hour and a quarter. Subject, neglected condition of Working Classes. FENWICK points out that a day has been secured for regular, full discussion of subject on Motion by BROADHURST. A working-man himself, representative of a great constituency, FENWICK will have nothing to do with Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame. Rather hints that they are wasting time and spoiling



Inquiring Cobb.

good cause. OLD MORALITY moves Closure. BRADLAUGH votes with Government.

"Ha! ha!" said PICKERSGILL, gloomily regarding Member for Northampton. "The time will come when Brother BRADLAUGH, too, will join the Gentlemen of England, and go out to dine with Dukes."

Business done.—Address voted.

Thursday.—W. REDMOND wants to know whether it is true that on night of his arrest Dr. TANNER was obliged to sit in a chair, the HOME SECRETARY having omitted to provide him with a bed? Irish Members prepared to be thrilled with this fresh enormity. But presently REDMOND wishes he hadn't spoke. HOME SECRETARY tells plain unvarnished tale. Draws with firm yet sympathetic hand cosy picture of TANNER, seated in only armchair possessed by Scotland Yard, specially drawn in for him, with whiskey *ad libitum*, sandwiches *ad infinitum*, and cigars of the best British make.

The O'GORMAN MAHON listened with glistening eyes. "Begorra!" he says, smacking his lips, "if that's the way they're treated at Scotland Yard I'll get taken up meself. Go and see about it at once." And he strode forth with his stately gait.

W. REDMOND still takes tragic view of situation.

"Does the HOME SECRETARY," he asked, "mean to say that cigars and sandwiches are a sufficient substitute for a bed?"

"My Right Hon. friend," said OLD MORALITY, coming to the table, "has asked me to answer the question of the Hon. Member. As we have all read somewhere, the bearing of his observation lies in the application of it. Are sandwiches and cigars a sufficient substitute for a bed? he asks. I answer, 'That depends.' If you have a sufficient quantity of sandwiches, and they are spread out mattresses-fashion, accommodation for a night's repose might be obtained. I would point out to the Hon. Member that if choice is open to him, it would be well to select beef as the viand, being softer—I may say more springy—than ham, especially ham of American or highly-salted brands. The cigars, also presupposing that they are furnished in sufficient numbers, would, properly treated, admirably serve the purpose of a bolster. I have now given the Hon. Gentleman every information in my power, and I sincerely trust that he will accept the explanation as satisfactory, and that we shall be permitted to go forward with the business of the House. HER MAJESTY'S Government have nothing to hide in the matter, their single object being to consult the convenience of the House, and perform their duty to the QUEEN and the Country." Loud cheers greeted these few remarks, and the subject dropped. *Business done.*—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in scheme for strengthening Navy.



"Going to see about it."

Friday.—That subtle humorist, JACKSON, prepared little surprise for House to-night. Sort of double-cutting joke. Ministers and Ministerialists thought they were going to have a good grind at Supply, already in urgent state. Opposition had noticed Supply not put down in first edition of Orders, and assumed it could not come on. Notice absolutely necessary to dealing with Supply. Nett consequence was, that it could not be taken, and sitting cheerfully wasted. By Ten o'Clock everything wound up, and surprised, if not delighted Ministers, went home. *Business done.*—None.

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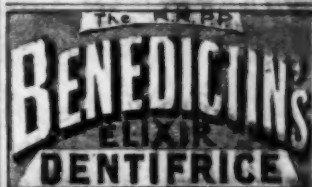
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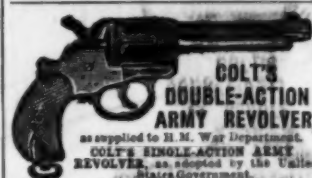
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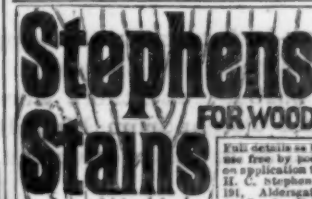


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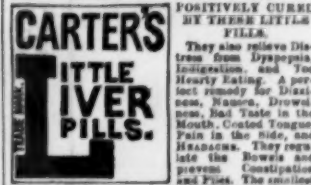
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A HUMOROUS TEST OF THE MEMORY.

PERSONS desirous of testing their powers of committing words to memory will read the following with much interest and amusement. It is told of MACKLIN, the celebrated actor, that one evening he made "The Employment of Memory in connection with the Oratorical Art" the subject of a lecture; in the course of which, as he enlarged on the importance of exercising memory as a habit, he took occasion to say that to such perfection had he brought his own, that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. FOOTE, a humorous writer of the period, waited till the conclusion of the lecture, and then, handing up the subjoined sentences, desired that Mr. MACKLIN would be good enough to read and afterwards repeat them from memory. More amazing nonsense never was written:—



"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'WHAT! NO SOAP!' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picinnies and the Joblilies, and the Garcelies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

It is needless to say that the laugh turned against old MACKLIN.—*Quarterly Review*, XCV., 1854.

WHAT! NO SOAP? GET PEARS'